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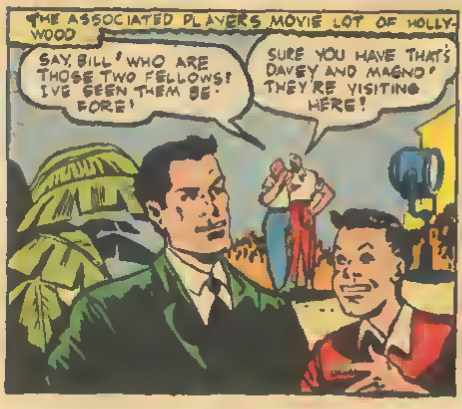
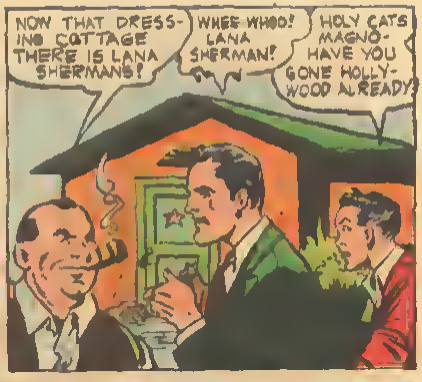
MAGNO & DAVEY

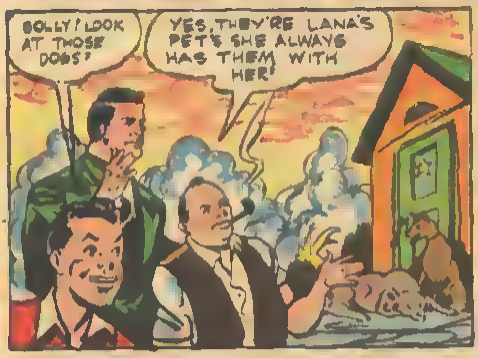
BEHIND THE GLITTER AND GLAMOUR OF HOLLYWOOD, BEHIND THE FALSE FRONTS AND KLIEG LIGHTS, IS A WORLD OF INTRIGUE AND ROMANCE! BUT LITTLE DID MAGNO AND DAVEY EXPECT TO VISIT THE MOVIE CAPITOL OF THE WORLD ONLY TO BE HURLED INTO A SEVEN REEL THRILLER THAT DEALT WITH CERTAIN DEATH IN THE HOLLYWOOD MURDER STORY

SCENE I

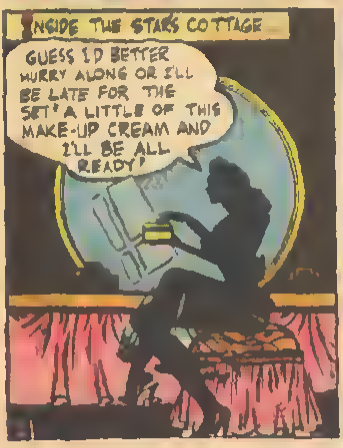


SAY, YOU'RE GODFREY VAN KYNE! THE FAMOUS DIRECTOR!
THAT'S RIGHT, MAGNO! ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU AROUND FOR A MINUTE!


NOW THAT DRESSING COTTAGE THERE IS LANA SHERMAN'S!
WHEE-WHOO! LANA SHERMAN!
HOLY CATS MAGNO- HAVE YOU GONE HOLLYWOOD ALREADY?


BOLLY! LOOK AT THOSE DOGS!
YES, THEY'RE LANA'S PETS SHE ALWAYS HAS THEM WITH HER!

ER-AH-MR. VAN KYNE IS LANA ON THE LOT TODAY?
HA, HA! YES, MAGNO! I'M DIRECTING HER NEWEST PICTURE! YOU'LL PROBABLY SEE HER IN A FEW MINUTES! SHE'S PUTTING ON HER MAKE-UP NOW!

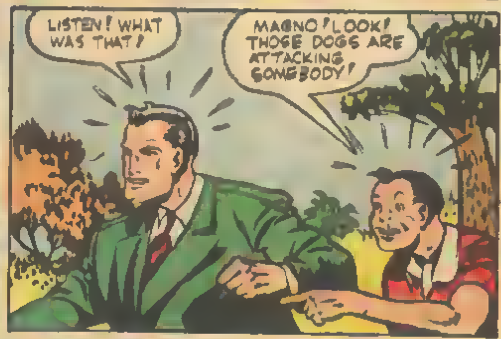

INSIDE THE STAR'S COTTAGE
GUESS I'D BETTER HURRY ALONG OR I'LL BE LATE FOR THE SET! A LITTLE OF THIS MAKE-UP CREAM AND I'LL BE ALL READY!

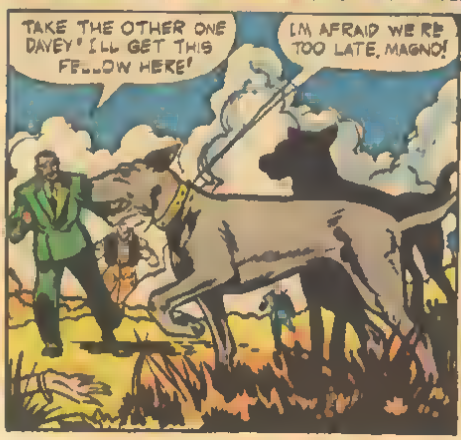
THERE, THAT DOES IT!

HERE PRINCE! HERE DUKE! WHY-WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THEY'VE GONE MAD! HEWP!

THE NEXT INSTANT


LISTEN! WHAT WAS THAT?
MAGNO! LOOK! THOSE DOGS ARE ATTACKING SOMEBODY!

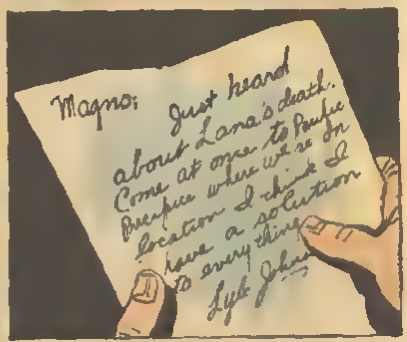

TAKE THE OTHER ONE DAVEY! I'LL GET THIS FELLOW HERE!
I'M AFRAID WE'RE TOO LATE, MAGNO!

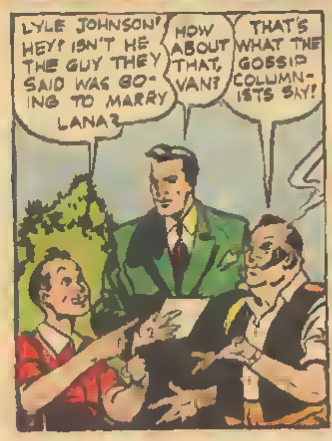
WHAT IN TH...! THE DOGS ARE AS MEEK AS LAMBS NOW!
MAGNO! IT'S LANA SHERMAN AND SHE'S DEAD
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

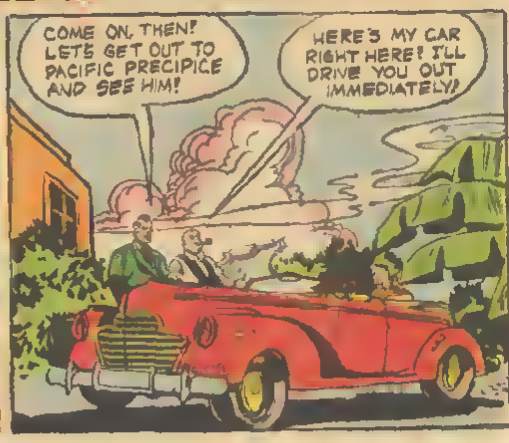
LANA SHERMAN
KILLED BY PET DOGS
STAR'S DOGS RUN AMUCK
TRAGEDY

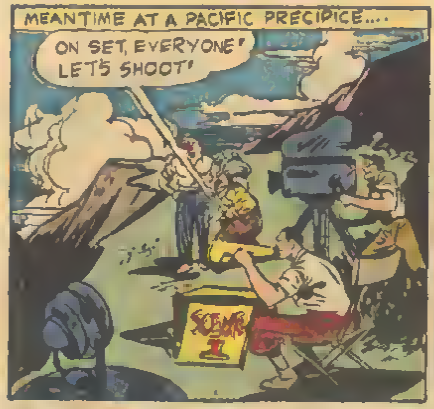
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THOSE DOGS ARE PERFECTLY OKAY NOW!
YES MAGNO IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME!

EXCUSE ME SIR! HERE'S A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER THAT JUST CAME!
HUH? FOR ME? THANKS, SON!
LET'S SEE IT MAGNO!


Magno:
Just heard about Lana's death. Come at once to Pacific precipice where we are. Location I think I have a solution to everything.
Lyle Johnson


LYLE JOHNSON! HEY! ISN'T HE THE GUY THEY SAID WAS GOING TO MARRY LANA?
HOW ABOUT THAT, VAN?
THAT'S WHAT THE GOSSIP COLUMNISTS SAY!


COME ON, THEN! LET'S GET OUT TO PACIFIC PRECIPICE AND SEE HIM!
HERE'S MY CAR RIGHT HERE! I'LL DRIVE YOU OUT IMMEDIATELY!

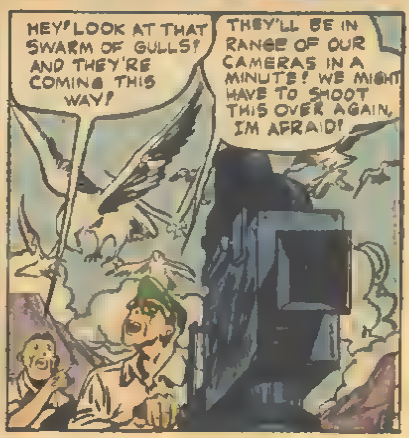

MEANTIME AT A PACIFIC PRECIPICE....
ON SET, EVERYONE! LET'S SHOOT!
SCENE 1

JUST A MOMENT MR JOHNSON! LET ME TOUCH UP YOUR MAKE-UP!
OKAY HAL! MAKE IT SNAPPY THOUGH!

OKAY LYLE? LETS DO A RETAKE ON THE LAST SCENE!
RIGHT!

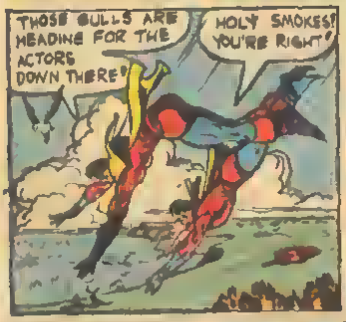
ALL SET MIKE? THINK YOU CAN TAKE THAT FIGHT SCENE AGAIN SO SOON
SURE LYLE LET'S GO!

ACTION! SOUND! CAMERA!
THEY'RE ROLLING!


HEY! LOOK AT THAT SWARM OF GULLS! AND THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY!
THEY'LL BE IN RANGE OF OUR CAMERAS IN A MINUTE! WE MIGHT HAVE TO SHOOT THIS OVER AGAIN, I'M AFRAID!

MEANTIME...
WE'RE ALMOST THERE FELLOWS! YOU CAN SEE THE COMPANY DOWN THERE ON THAT FLAT TABLE LAND!
YEAH! BUT LOOK AT THAT SWARM OF BIRDS OVER THERE!
DON'T TELL ME THEY'RE ACTORS TOO!

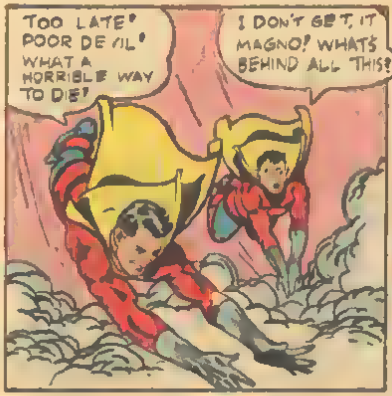
DAVEY! QUICK! WE HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO LOSE!
HUH? WHAT GOES?

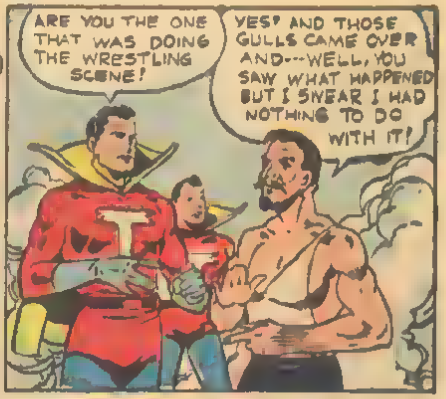

THOSE GULLS ARE HEADING FOR THE ACTORS DOWN THERE!
HOLY SMOKES! YOU'RE RIGHT!

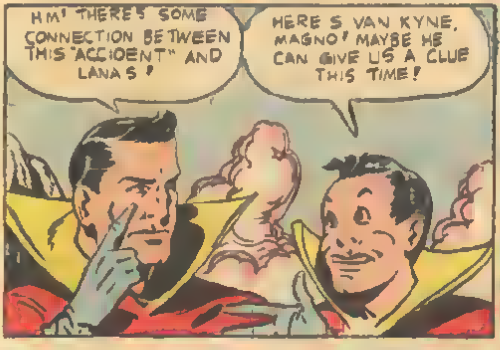
LYLE! LOOK OUT! THOSE GULLS ARE COMING RIGHT FOR US!
GREAT HEAVENS! THEY'RE GOING CRAZY! RUN, MIKE!

HELL-P-P!

YIIIIII!


TOO LATE! POOR DEVIL! WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE!
I DON'T GET IT, MAGNO! WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS?


ARE YOU THE ONE THAT WAS DOING THE WRESTLING SCENE!
YES! AND THOSE GULLS CAME OVER AND---WELL, YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED BUT I SWEAR I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

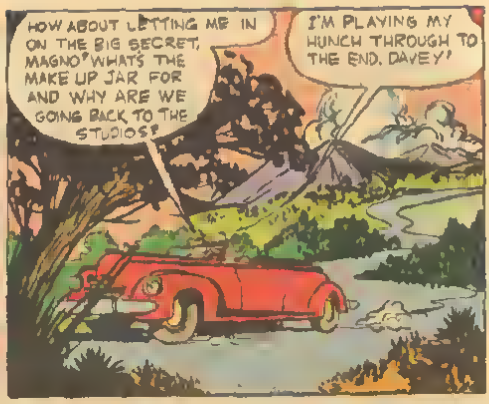

HM! THERE'S SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS "ACCIDENT" AND LANA'S!
HERE'S VAN KYNE, MAGNO! MAYBE HE CAN GIVE US A CLUE THIS TIME!

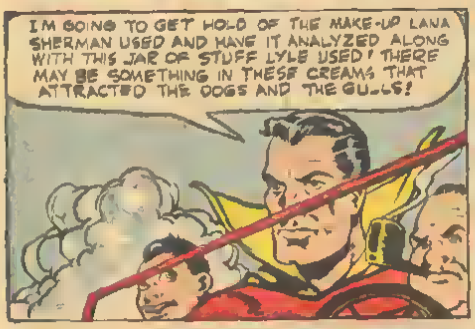
I SAW IT ALL FROM THE ROAD! POOR LYLE! WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS HAPPENED, MAGNO!
I WISH I KNEW VAN! THOSE GULLS ATTACKED LYLE AND DIDN'T HARM MIKE AT ALL! AND THOSE DOGS ATTACKED LANA AND YET DIDN'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE ELSE. IT'S BAFFLING!

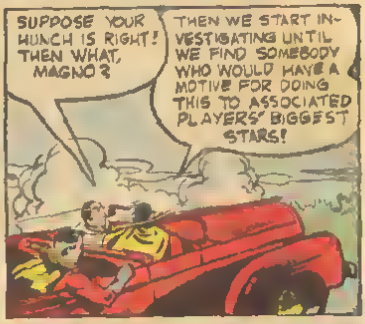
SAY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH! WHERE'S LYLE'S MAKE-UP MAN!
RIGHT HERE SIR!

AS I SAY THIS IS ONLY A HUNCH! COME ON, VAN! I WANT YOU TO TAKE DAVEY AND ME BACK TO THE ASSOCIATED LOT!
HUH? ER - ANYTHING YOU SAY! COME ON!

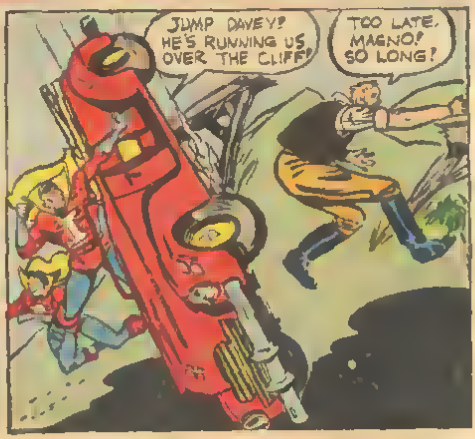
I WONDER WHAT THE BIG IDEA IS?
YOU'VE GOT ME! SOUNDS PRETTY STUPID, THOUGH!

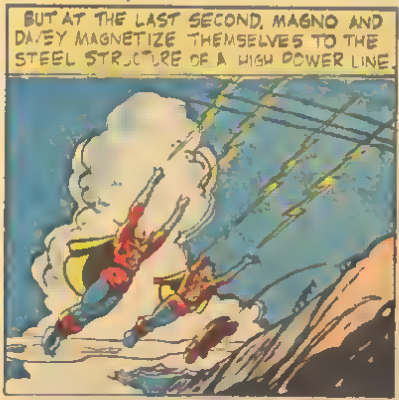

HOW ABOUT LETTING ME IN ON THE BIG SECRET, MAGNO? WHAT'S THE MAKE UP JAR FOR AND WHY ARE WE GOING BACK TO THE STUDIOS?
I'M PLAYING MY HUNCH THROUGH TO THE END, DAVEY!


I'M GOING TO GET HOLD OF THE MAKE-UP LANA SHERMAN USED AND HAVE IT ANALYZED ALONG WITH THIS JAR OF STUFF LYLE USED! THERE MAY BE SOMETHING IN THESE CREAMS THAT ATTRACTED THE DOGS AND THE GULLS!

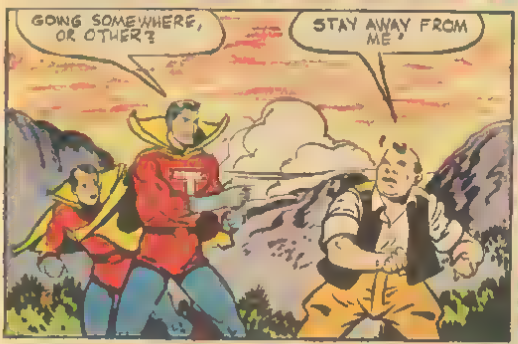

SUPPOSE YOUR HUNCH IS RIGHT! THEN WHAT, MAGNO?
THEN WE START INVESTIGATING UNTIL WE FIND SOMEBODY WHO WOULD HAVE A MOTIVE FOR DOING THIS TO ASSOCIATED PLAYERS' BIGGEST STARS!

HEY, VAN KYNE! NOT SO FAST AROUND THIS CURVE!
WHY NOT? IT'S THE ONLY WAY!


JUMP DAVEY! HE'S RUNNING US OVER THE CLIFF!
TOO LATE, MAGNO! SO LONG!

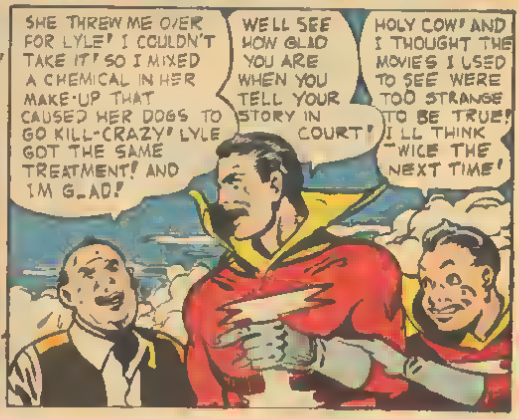

BUT AT THE LAST SECOND, MAGNO AND DAVEY MAGNETIZE THEMSELVES TO THE STEEL STRUCTURE OF A HIGH POWER LINE.

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
YOU SAID IT, PARTNER! NOW LETS CATCH OUR ERSTWHILE FRIEND AND WOULD-BE MURDERER!


GOING SOMEWHERE, OR OTHER?
STAY AWAY FROM ME!

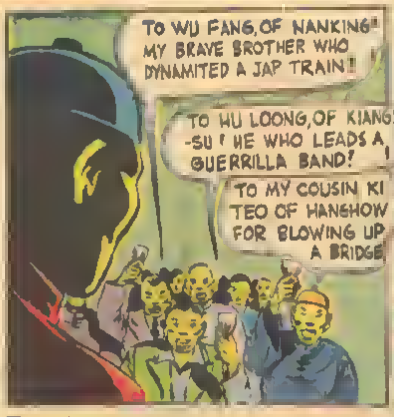
WAS THIS TRIP REALLY NECESSARY?
I'M AFRAID IT WAS! BUT IT'S THE LAST TRIP OUR PAL HERE WILL MAKE!

OKAY, DAN! THE GAME'S UP! WHY DID YOU DO IT!
LET ME GO! LET ME JUMP OFF THE CLIFF! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE! LANA'S DEAD NOW AND SHE'S ALL I EVER CARED ABOUT!

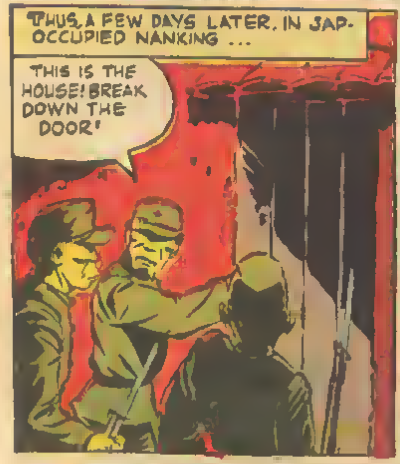

SHE THREW ME OVER FOR LYLE! I COULDN'T TAKE IT! SO I MIXED A CHEMICAL IN HER MAKE-UP THAT CAUSED HER DOGS TO GO KILL-CRAZY! LYLE GOT THE SAME TREATMENT! AND I'M GLAD!
WELL SEE HOW GLAD YOU ARE WHEN YOU TELL YOUR STORY IN COURT!
HOLY COW! AND I THOUGHT THE MOVIES I USED TO SEE WERE TOO STRANGE TO BE TRUE! I'LL THINK TWICE THE NEXT TIME!

UNKNOWN SOLDIER

HAVE I THE EXALTED HONOR TO IMPOSE ON THE NOBLE TU SING?
IT IS MY HUMBLE PLEASURE TO WELCOME YOU TO MY INADEQUTE ABODE!
THEN DIE! MORE BLOOD FOR OUR EMPEROR!
INFIDEL! YOU ARE NOT CHINESE! YOU ARE....!
IT IS DONE! AND NOW A SUPERIOR TU SING SHALL BE CREATED!
SOON I SHALL BE TU SING IN PERSON! AND TONIGHT I SHALL GUIDE THE MEETING OF THE CHINESE-AMERICANS INTO NEW CHANNELS!
THAT NIGHT, AT THE PATRIOT'S MEETING HALL....
OUR REVERED LEADER HAS ARRIVED! LET THE MEETING BEGIN!
ALL HAIL TU SING!
TONIGHT, FELLOW PATRIOTS, I PROPOSE WE TOAST OUR RELATIVES AND FRIENDS IN THE LAND OVERRUN BY THE HATED JAPANESE! ESPECIALLY, THOSE BRAVE ONES WHO HAVE BATTLED FURIOUSLY IN THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT!

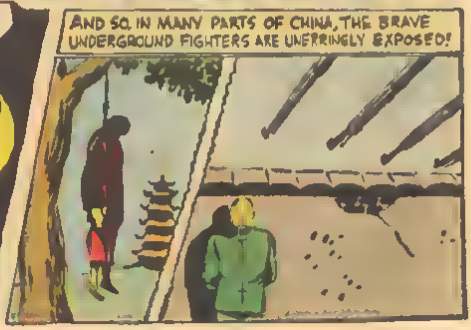

TO WU FANG, OF NANKING! MY BRAVE BROTHER WHO DYNAMITED A JAP TRAIN!
TO HU LOONG, OF KIANGS-SU! HE WHO LEADS A GUERRILLA BAND!
TO MY COUSIN KI TEO OF HANGHOW FOR BLOWING UP A BRIDGE!

HA! SUCH A SIMPLE PLAN! NOW I CAN REPORT THESE TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES TO DEAL WITH


THUS, A FEW DAYS LATER, IN JAP-OCCUPIED NANKING ...
THIS IS THE HOUSE! BREAK DOWN THE DOOR!

YOU ARE WU FANG!
Y-YES! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ONLY THIS! REVENGE FOR YOUR AUDACITY IN DYNAMITING OUR SUPPLY TRAIN!
UGH!


AND SO, IN MANY PARTS OF CHINA, THE BRAVE UNDERGROUND FIGHTERS ARE UNERRINGLY EXPOSED!

AND AS THE WEEKS PASS, THE ALLIED LEADERS BECOME INCREASINGLY AWARE OF THE MENACE TO THE SUCCESSFUL PROSECUTION OF THE WAR
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO KEEP THOSE UNDERGROUND FIGHTERS FROM BEING DISCOVERED
BUT WE HAVE NOTHING TO WORK ON! WHO EVER IS TIPPING OFF THE JAPS IS CLEVER!
BUT ONCE AGAIN, AS THIS NEWEST THREAT TO DEMOCRATIC LOVING PEOPLES RISES TO HIGH TIDE THE CHAMPION OF RIGHT OVER MIGHT COMES FORTH TO MEET THE CHALLENGE! THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER!
AND AS THE PATRIOTS MEET AGAIN ...
ONCE AGAIN BROTHERS LET US TOAST OUR COMRADES ACROSS THE SEA!
TO TSU TIEN! MY NEPHEW OF CHANGSA! HE WHO AMBUSHED 50 JAPS!
AND STILL THE FOOLS DO NOT UNDERSTAND THEY ARE SIGNING THE DEATH WARRANTS OF THEIR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES ACROSS THE SEA!
HM DOESN'T SEEM ANYTHING WRONG IN THAT! THEY'RE ONLY TOASTING THEIR HEROES OVERSEAS!
AND AS LONG AS TU SING IS RUNNING THE SHOW, THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING SUBVERSIVE GOING ON!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
HM! I'M GETTING NOWHERE FAST! MAYBE I'D DO BETTER TO GO CALL ON TU-SING AT HIS HOME AND ASK FOR HIS HELP!
I KNOW HE HAS A LOT OF THINGS TO THINK ABOUT, BUT HE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THESE HORRIBLE THINGS TAKING PLACE IN CHINA!
BUT FIRST I SHALL MAKE MYSELF MORE COMFORTABLE IN LESS RIGID CLOTHES!
MEANTIME.
AH! ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL NIGHT! NOW I SHALL COMMUNICATE WITH OUR AGENTS WHO WILL RELAY THE NAMES OF THE STUPID PATRIOTS TO THE EX-TERMINATING COMMITTEES!
IN A FEW MOMENTS I SHALL USE MY SECRET SENDING SET TO.. HO! SOMEONE KNOCKS!
KNOCK KNOCK
SORRY TO BURST IN THIS WAY BUT-ER- I BEG YOUR PARDON! I THOUGHT I'D FIND TU SING HERE!
EH? OH! TU SING? YOU MEAN MY-ER-GRANDFATHER? UNFORTUNATELY, HE WAS CALLED AWAY! I AM HIS GRANDSON!

I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP ME, BUT THANKS ANYHOW!
I AM SO SORRY!
THAT'S OKAY, ONLY - HEY! I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT!
MAYBE YOU'LL HELP ME MORE THAN ANY ONE ELSE! - JAP!
I AM PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY! TAKE THIS!
NO, THANKS! I'M PREPARED, TOO IN THE GOOD OLD AMERICAN WAY!
IT WAS A GOOD GAG WHILE IT LASTED MR MOTO! BUT YOU GUYS WITH YOUR HEADS IN THE AIR ALWAYS OVER-LOOK THE LITTLE THINGS!
YOU YANKEES TALK IN RIDDLES!
YOUR SLIPPERS, HIROHITO'S HENCHMAN! ONLY A JAP WEARS SLIPPERS WITH THONGS!

Desperado Destiny

By Cliff Howe

GUNFIRE cut loose in the bank at Roselyn, Washington, that September day of 1892, stampeding the townsmen into startled action. To a man the citizens spilled out the saloon batwings and numerous stores their gun-hands slashing towards leather.

Shots in the bank meant only one thing in the wild Northwest. Owlhooters were after fast cash. In the fashion of the frontier, the citizens raced to confront the desperadoes with the only argument bank-busters could savvy. The sort that comes hard and fast from the smoky end of a Colt .45.

A white-faced cashier shouted through a hung open window, "It's the McCarthy Blue Mountain Gang. Robbed twenty thousand in gold! They're headin' for the entrance! Give 'em hell, boys!"

The four outlaws came lunging out the bank door, their Colts jetting flame. From the scattered citizens lead whizzed back at them from every angle. The air was filled with whining slugs. Bullets pockmarked the bank walls like buckshot and hacked up spurts of dust at the desperadoes' feet. Miraculously in the hail of fire not a single shot drew blood.

The bank-busters fought their way to the hitchrail and vaulted into leather. Again they ran a gauntlet of fire in a hell-roaring dash out of town. They got away unscathed. The townsmen's pistol fire had blasted only the atmosphere.

The owlhooters' dust had hardly settled when a posse was quickly formed and hit the trail. Not a man was unaware of the problems and danger of the chase. This manhunt was to be a race against space a grueling duel of horseflesh and horsemanship as well as gunfighting.

Under the leadership of Bill McCarthy, a former member of the infamous Cole Younger gang, the Blue Mountain outfit had terrorized Utah, Wyoming, Washington and Colorado for years, looting banks and trains of thousands of dollars.

Bill McCarthy cultivated a strategy of speed and careful planning in bank-busting attacks that took minutes, he poured weeks of painstaking preparation. He bought the finest horseflesh the territory could offer and stationed relays of trained mounts at strategic junctions along his prepared escape route. The gang was therefore able to strike and vanish in a flash with only looted vaults and empty express safes to bear witness to outlaw efficiency.

Now for the first time they'd been forced to shoot their way to freedom leaving a red-hot trail. A change of horses was impossible. The posse was too close. They had one chance the posse knew: either to capture or bury the outlaws. They had to overtake them before they reached their favorite Hole-in-the-Wall territory.

Once in the maze of cliffs and precipices of that outlaw haven, the gang would be safe. An army of lawmen stood a better chance in charging hell with a bucket of water than prying for desperadoes in that fortress-like wilderness.

The desperadoes rode for Peace planning to steal a boat on the shore of the Columbia River and cross to safety. The posse couldn't gallop their horses across water.

A stiff wind was blowing along the surging Columbia when the desperadoes thundered along its banks. Less than a mile behind the posse followed, relentless, implacable. The outlaws made fast tracks for a boat moored nearby. They retreated when a pack of snarling savage watch-dogs leaped out at them. Leveling their guns to kill the mongrels, they halted. The boat had suddenly slipped its moorings and was drifting downstream.

BILL McCARTHY took quick command. He ordered his brothers Frank and Tom to rally alongside him in a protective rear guard action for the fourth desperado, Matt Warner, their cousin, was commanded to hide in the nearby willows with the loot.

Warner had the gold-packed saddlebags strapped on his mount. He obeyed silently and hurriedly. Riding off several hundred yards he dismounted and pulled his horse into the camouflage of the thick willows.

The three brothers charged the onrushing posse with flaming guns. In the willows his face grim, Warner listened to the thunder of pistol fire and plunging hoofs. He remained motionless until the battle sounds died away. Then he quickly mounted intent upon escaping alone and joining the band at their hideout.

Desperation made his eyes glitter when a shot rang out and a bullet spanged past his head. For a moment he stared in consternation at the group of horsemen riding down upon him. He'd been spotted! He searched for a sign of the McCarthys. Nowhere to be seen.

Trapped, Warner made a desperate decision. He rode his horse to the edge of a twenty foot precipice that jutted out over the swirling Columbia waters. Whining lead from the manhunters gave added impetus to his daring. He dug his spurs deep, plunged down the sheer drop.

The river caught him in its loose but savage grasp and sucked him under for what seemed eternity. From spurs to Stetson, he was shaken as if by a bucking bronco gone mad. He felt himself drowning. Then suddenly, his lungs filled with air. He found himself still in the saddle and his horse breasting the current.

Bullets kicked spray in his face. The posse was firing from the cliff. Warner didn't worry about bullets. The current was his main enemy. The river was a mile wide and his horse already was blowing hard.

Ahead, he saw a short strip of beach, flanked

by tremendous walls of mountainous rock. He thought grimly that if the current dragged him past the beach he'd cash in his chips doing the dead man's float. He whitened when his mount in an agony of strain, faltered and sank slightly.

Desperate, Warner reached for his knife to cut loose the heavy load of gold. He swore savagely noting the knife was gone. The current had torn it loose from his pocket. Despite the flurry of bullets striking all about him Warner swung half out the saddle in an effort to reduce the horse's burden.

After an interminable while the beach hove right up at them. The horse fought forward inch by inch. At last, he got his hoofs upon earth again. He'd barely made it—five more yards would have been too much.

Warner had strength for one last gesture of defiance at the posse. Out of range he thumbed his nose at his pursuers and then dropped weakly on the ground.

Later, he rode back to the Blue Mountain hideout where he was congratulated by the three McCarthy brothers. They'd shot their way to safety without suffering a scratch.

"We had to work for this twenty thousand," Matt Warner said. "Not like the Denver job, eh, Tom?"

Tom McCarthy laughed heartily. He never would forget the bank robbing stunt they'd pulled at Denver. For pure nerve and ingenuity, it was the most remarkable robbery the Northwest ever saw.

On March 30, 1889 Tom McCarthy and Warner took a room in a Denver hotel. Bearded and roughly clad McCarthy carried an innocent-looking suitcase containing an outfit of clergyman's clothing.

The bearded outlaw soon entered the First National Bank of Denver and demonstrated an urgent and convincing zeal to see the manager.

President Dave Moffat interviewed him and listened with growing amazement at his detailed warning of an imminent holdup of his bank.

"Where did you get this information?" he inquired worriedly.

"I know because I'm goin' to do the robbin'," McCarthy retorted. With one hand he whipped out a bottle filled with liquid and flung a blank check at the astounded banker with the other. His voice was savage.

"This bottle got more death in it than ten cannons. Nitroglycerin! There's enough of the stuff here to blow you and me and your whole bank to powder. Sign that check for twenty-one thousand dollars. Cash it and bring me twenty thousand in bills and one thousand in gold. Pronto! Or else I'll throw this bottle at your head."

Paling Moffat complied. Tom McCarthy took the packet of money, darted into the street and passed it to Warner who was waiting agitatedly on the corner. Warner lost himself in the passing crowd then lifted on horseback towards Blue Mountain.

His partner casually strolled back to the hotel, shaved his beard, and changed into the minister's garments. He tossed the bottle into a waste basket grinning it had been filled with water. McCarthy then calmly loitered about the town while the local lawmen staged an intensive search for a bearded, roughly dressed thief. A week later, he made tracks for the mountain hideout.

SHORTLY after the Rosslyn bank robbery, the Blue Mountain Gang held up the Farmers and Merchants Bank at Delta, Colorado. A howling gale was blowing. This time the robbers included Bill McCarthy, his nineteen-year-old son Fred, and his brother Tom.

When both cashiers A. T. Blanchley and H. H. Wolbert, refused to surrender the gold, Tom McCarthy vaulted the partition between the lobby and the cashiers cages. He scooped up all the loot in sight while the other gunmen covered the tellers.

Blanchley, aghast at the apparent success of the robbery, started shooting for help. Tom McCarthy leveled his gun at Blanchley's head.

"Hobble your tongue," he warned savagely, "or I'll blow your head off!"

"Brave but foolhardy," Blanchley shouted even louder. McCarthy's gun roared. The cashier fell dead a bullet through his brain.

The desperadoes, anticipating attacks from the aroused townsmen, abandoned the bank for their horses in the alley outside. At the sound of the shot W. Ray Simpson a merchant, seized his Sharpe repeating rifle from under the counter of his hardware store opposite the bank. Calmly, he ran a hundred yards down the street, intent upon cutting off the outlaws as they rode down the alley. He raised his rifle and fired at the three horsemen who were racing their mounts at top speed.

One horse lunged ahead riderless at the report. Simpson's bullet had blown off the top of Bill McCarthy's head, a large fragment of his skull falling twenty feet from his body. Instantly, his son Fred reined his broncho and dismounted to aid his father.

"Ride out, you fool!" Tom shouted. "He's gone! Save your own skin!"

The boy ignored him, knelt down deadly at the body of his father. Again Simpson triggered his rifle. Fred McCarthy died beside his dad with a bullet through his head. The fast-shooting Simpson killed Tom McCarthy's mount with his next shot. Running hard Tom leaped into the saddle of a riderless horse and rode, hellbent, for the safety of Blue Mountain.

But despite his escape Simpson's accurate rifle fire had shot the Blue Mountain gang into oblivion. The band broke up after the disastrous blow, surviving members eventually dying with their boots on.

Strangely, investigation revealed that the slain cashiers had not been heard by Simpson or any of the other townsmen. The gale had drowned out all sound except Tom McCarthy's murderous pistol shot. Ironically, it was his itchy trigger finger that had dealt the Blue Mountain bank busters their death notice and sent his blood relatives to their graves.

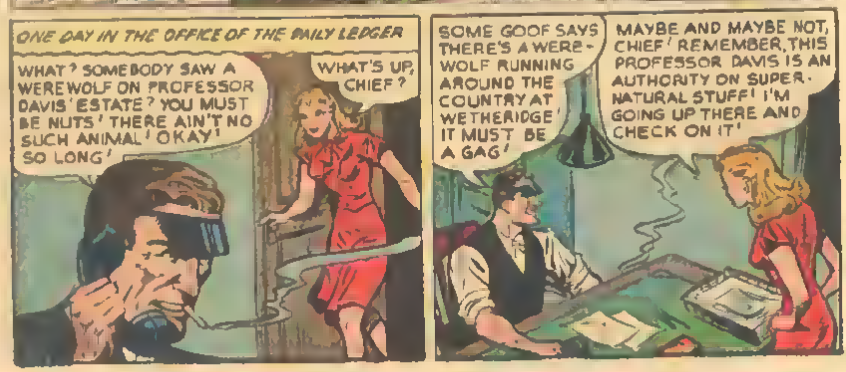
LASH LIGHTNING

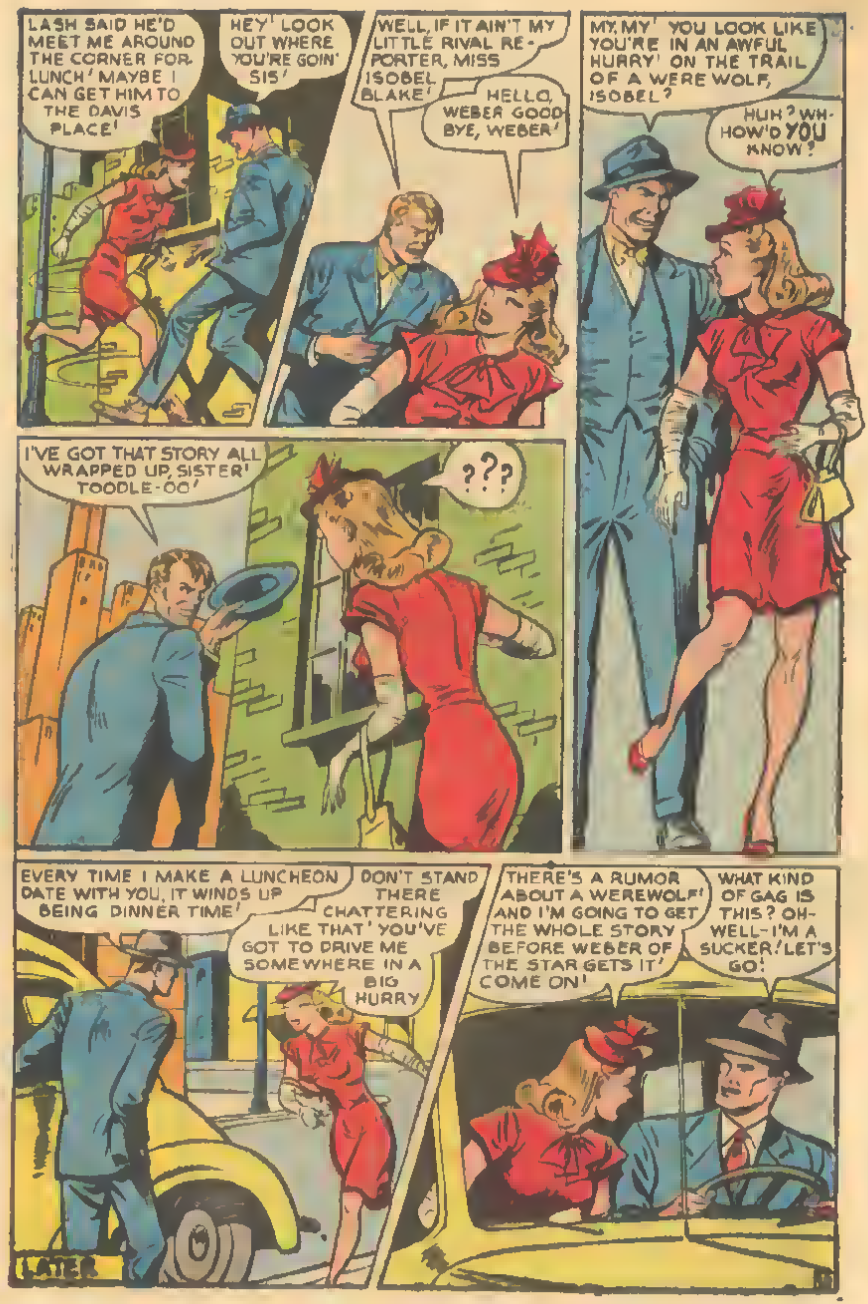
LATE CITY EDITION

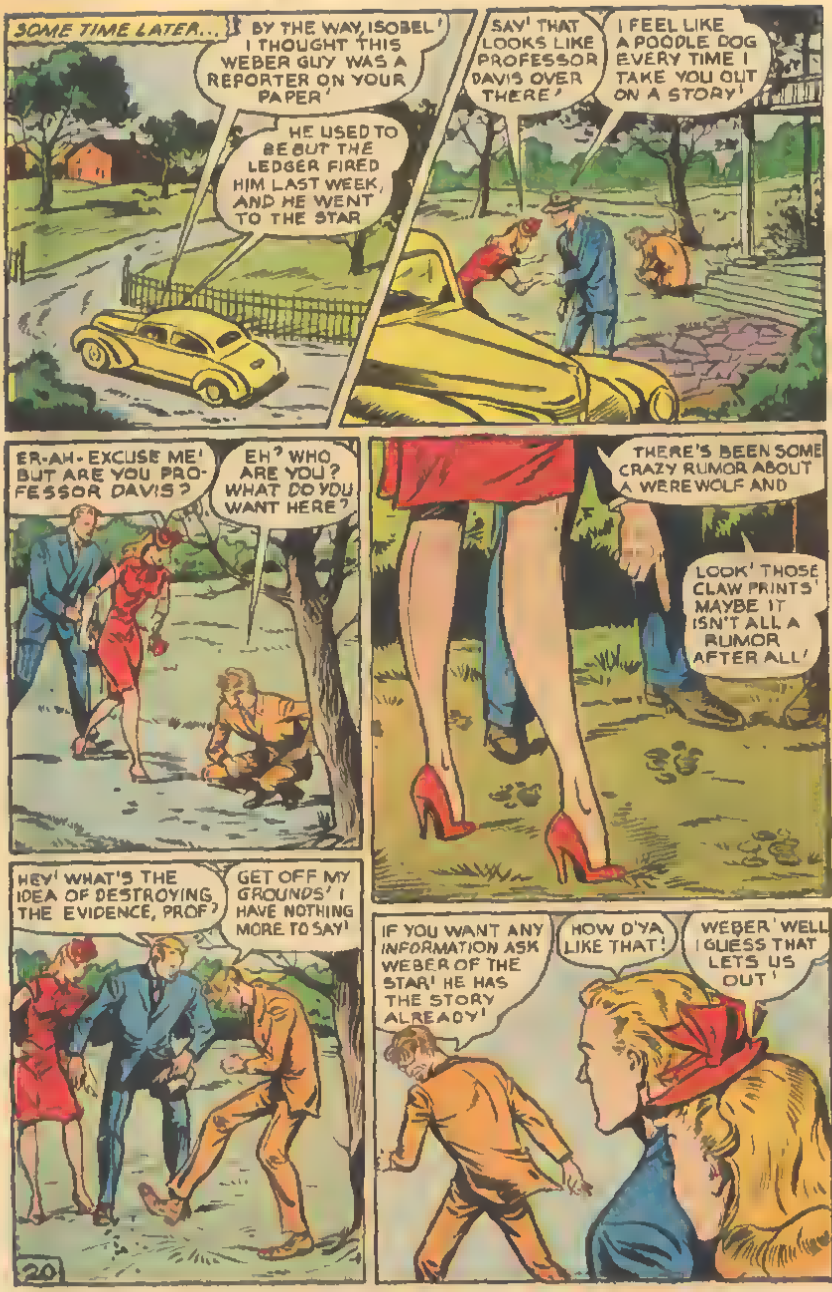
AILY LEDGER

LASH LIGHTNING AND LIGHTNING GIRL BATTLE WEREWOLF OF WETHERIDGE!

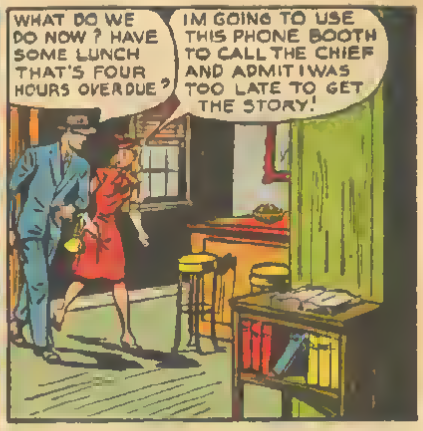
ONLY SUPERSTITIOUS FOLK IN THE MIDDLE AGES BELIEVED THAT THERE WERE PEOPLE WHO COULD BECOME "WEREWOLVES" BY MOONLIGHT BUT WHEN LIGHTNING GIRL FELT THE FANG OF THE WEREWOLF OF WETHERIDGE AT HER THROAT, SHE KNEW THE SUPERSTITION WAS AS REAL AS DEATH ITSELF!




LASH SAID HE'D MEET ME AROUND THE CORNER FOR LUNCH! MAYBE I CAN GET HIM TO THE DAVIS PLACE!
HEY! LOOK OUT WHERE YOU'RE GOIN' SIS!
WELL, IF IT AIN'T MY LITTLE RIVAL REPORTER, MISS ISOBEL BLAKE!
HELLO, WEBER GOOD BYE, WEBER!
MY, MY! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE IN AN AWFUL HURRY! ON THE TRAIL OF A WERE WOLF, ISOBEL?
HUH? WH-HOW'D YOU KNOW?
I'VE GOT THAT STORY ALL WRAPPED UP, SISTER! TOODLE-OO!
???
EVERY TIME I MAKE A LUNCHEON DATE WITH YOU, IT WINDS UP BEING DINNER TIME!
DON'T STAND THERE CHATTERING LIKE THAT! YOU'VE GOT TO DRIVE ME SOMEWHERE IN A BIG HURRY
LATER
THERE'S A RUMOR ABOUT A WEREWOLF! AND I'M GOING TO GET THE WHOLE STORY BEFORE WEBER OF THE STAR GETS IT! COME ON!
WHAT KIND OF GAG IS THIS? OH-WELL-I'M A SUCKER! LET'S GO!


SOME TIME LATER...
BY THE WAY, ISOBEL! I THOUGHT THIS WEBER GUY WAS A REPORTER ON YOUR PAPER!
HE USED TO BE BUT THE LEDGER FIRED HIM LAST WEEK, AND HE WENT TO THE STAR
SAY! THAT LOOKS LIKE PROFESSOR DAVIS OVER THERE!
I FEEL LIKE A POODLE DOG EVERY TIME I TAKE YOU OUT ON A STORY!
ER-AH-EXCUSE ME! BUT ARE YOU PROFESSOR DAVIS?
EH? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?
THERE'S BEEN SOME CRAZY RUMOR ABOUT A WEREWOLF AND
LOOK! THOSE CLAW PRINTS! MAYBE IT ISN'T ALL A RUMOR AFTER ALL!
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DESTROYING THE EVIDENCE, PROF?
GET OFF MY GROUNDS! I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO SAY!
IF YOU WANT ANY INFORMATION ASK WEBER OF THE STAR! HE HAS THE STORY ALREADY!
HOW D'YA LIKE THAT!
WEBER! WELL I GUESS THAT LETS US OUT!
20

A SHORT TIME LATER.
I DON'T GET IT, ISOBEL! DAVIS PICKED SOME THING UP NEAR THOSE CLAW MARKS WHEN HE SAW US, AND THEN HE ERASED THE PRINTS! WHY?
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? WEBER GOT THE STORY, AND THAT'S THAT! TURN INTO THIS ROADHOUSE. LASH!


WHAT DO WE DO NOW? HAVE SOME LUNCH THAT'S FOUR HOURS OVERDUE?
I'M GOING TO USE THIS PHONE BOOTH TO CALL THE CHIEF AND ADMIT I WAS TOO LATE TO GET THE STORY!

HELLO CHIEF! SORRY I DIDN'T GET THE STORY! I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN IT IN THE STAR BY NOW, THOUGH!
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THE LAST EDITION OF THE STAR IS ON THE STANDS, AND THERE'S NOTHING ABOUT A WEREWOLF!

COME ON, LASH! WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE PROF'S ESTATE!
WHAT GOES ON HERE, ANYWAY? ARE YOU GOING COMPLETELY WHACKY?

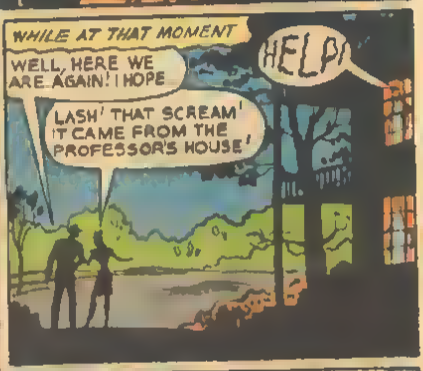
SOMETHING'S FISHY! DAVIS SAID WEBER ALREADY HAS THE STORY OF THE WERE-WOLF BUT THE STAR CAME OUT WITHOUT IT!
HMM! THINK MAYBE THIS PROF IS PULLING A GAG ON US?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING COCKEYED ABOUT THIS AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
OKAY, NEWSHOUND! I'LL PLAY CHAUFFEUR AGAIN! LET'S GO!

AND AS DARKNESS SETTLES AROUND DAVIS' HOME
HELLO! IS THIS THE STAR? I WANT TO SPEAK TO MR WEBER AT ONCE!

SUDDENLY, A HUGE CLAW THROWS ITS MENACING SHADOW UPON THE WALL!

NO! NO! THE WEREWOLF! HELP!!


WHILE AT THAT MOMENT
WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN! I HOPE
LASH! THAT SCREAM! IT CAME FROM THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE!
HELP!

STAY HERE, ISOBEL! SEE WHAT YOU CAN SEE! I'M GOING INSIDE!

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING TO MEET THIS WEREWOLF BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER, SO I'D BETTER BE PREPARED!

I WONDER WHERE THAT SCREAM CAME FROM? I'LL TRY THE DEN!

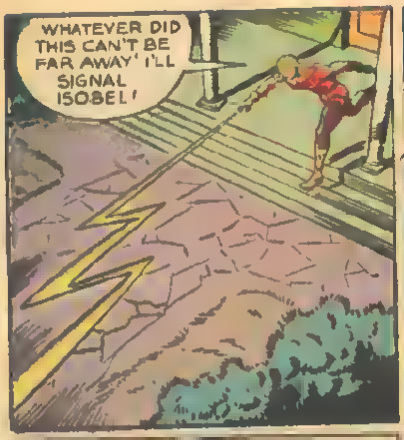
GREAT SCOTT! THERE HE IS! WHAT HORRIBLE THING COULD HAVE DONE THIS!

A WEREWOLF! IT MUST BE! THOSE CLAW MARKS ARE JUST ABOUT THE SAME SIZE AS THE ONES WE SAW OUT ON THE GROUNDS!

MEANTIME
I WISH LASH WOULD HURRY! I-OH! THAT SHADOW! IT'S A WEREWOLF!

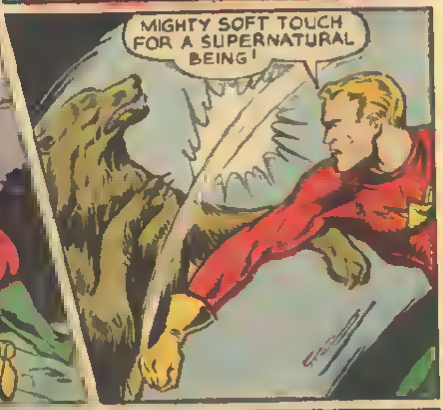
I CAN'T LET IT GET AWAY! I'VE GOT TO TRACK IT DOWN SOMEHOW!

A FEW SECONDS LATER

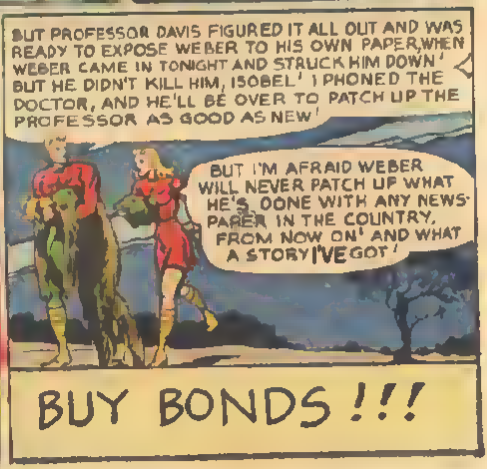

WHATEVER DID THIS CAN'T BE FAR AWAY! I'LL SIGNAL ISOBEL!

THE WEREWOLF! LASH! HELP!

YOU'LL NEVER CAPTURE ME YOU VIXEN!
WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT VOICE BEFORE!


MIGHTY SOFT TOUCH FOR A SUPERNATURAL BEING!

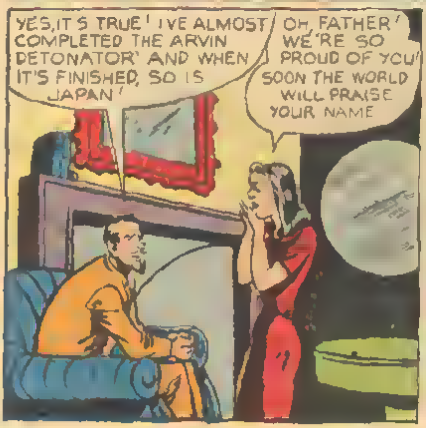
WHY - LASH! IT'S WEBER!
OF COURSE HE TRIED TO DRUM UP A PHONEY STORY SO YOU'D FALL FOR IT PRINT IT IN THE LEDGER AND MAKE A FOOL OF YOUR PAPER!


BUT PROFESSOR DAVIS FIGURED IT ALL OUT AND WAS READY TO EXPOSE WEBER TO HIS OWN PAPER, WHEN WEBER CAME IN TONIGHT AND STRUCK HIM DOWN! BUT HE DIDN'T KILL HIM, ISOBEL! I PHONED THE DOCTOR, AND HE'LL BE OVER TO PATCH UP THE PROFESSOR AS GOOD AS NEW!
BUT I'M AFRAID WEBER WILL NEVER PATCH UP WHAT HE'S DONE WITH ANY NEWSPAPER IN THE COUNTRY, FROM NOW ON! AND WHAT A STORY I'VE GOT!

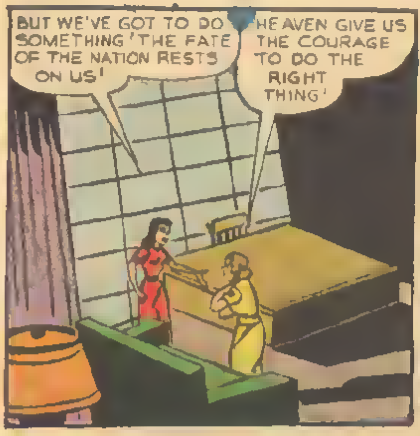
BUY BONDS !!!

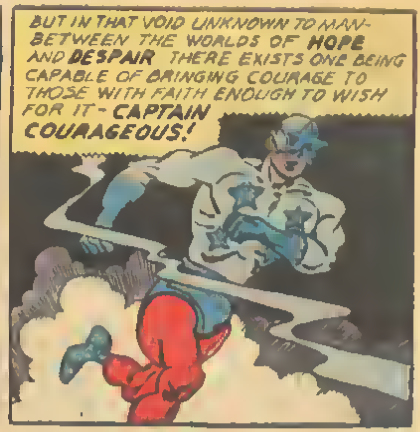
CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

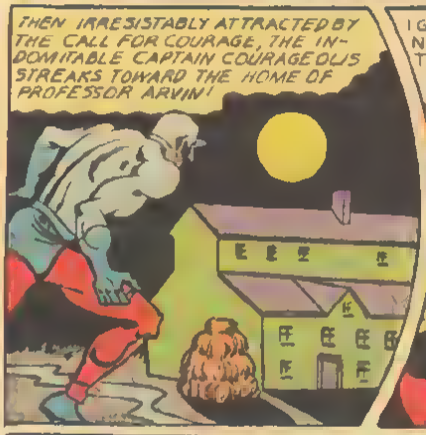
SO DEADLY WAS AMERICA'S NEW SECRET WEAPON THAT UPON ITS COMPLETION ITS MERE THREAT WOULD THROW JAPAN INTO DEMANDS FOR PEACE! BUT SO FIENDISHLY CLEVER WERE THE COUNTER MEASURES TAKEN BY THAT ARCH-VILLAIN, CAPTAIN NIPPO, THAT AMERICA SUDDENLY FOUND ITS OWN SECRET WEAPON ABOUT TO BE TURNED AGAINST ITSELF!

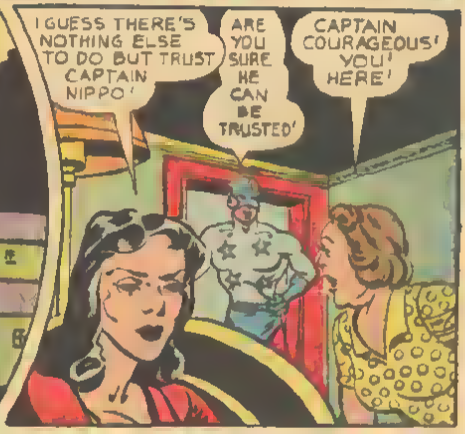


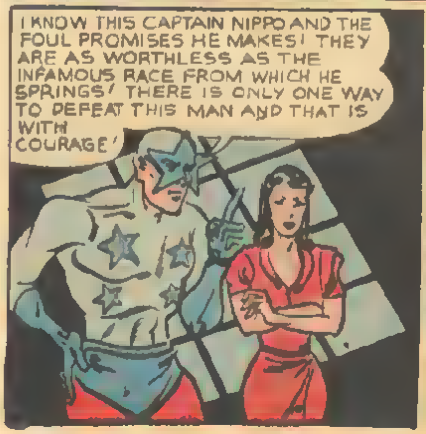
HOW DID YOU GET HERE? GET OUT!
A LAUGHABLE COMMAND, MR ARVIN! I AM GETTING OUT WITH YOU!
SO YOU STRUCK ME! WELL THIS HYPNOTIC SERUM WILL STOP THAT AT ONCE!
OOOH!
REMEMBER! NOT ONE WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE, OR YOU WILL NEVER SEE YOUR BELOVED HUSBAND, AND FATHER AGAIN!
OH PLEASE! DON'T DO THIS TO HIM!
FATHER WHATEVER IT IS HE WANTS, DON'T DO IT! FATHER!
THAT IS INDEED A WONDERFUL JOKE HE CAN DO NOTHING ELSE BUT MY WILL! ALREADY HE IS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HYPNOTIC SERUM
NOW FOR THE GET-AWAY AS I HAVE PLANNED THESE MANY MONTHS!
MOTHER! HE'S GONE! WHAT CAN WE DO?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN! REMEMBER CAPTAIN NIPPO'S LAST WARNING


BUT WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THE FATE OF THE NATION RESTS ON US!
HEAVEN GIVE US THE COURAGE TO DO THE RIGHT THING!

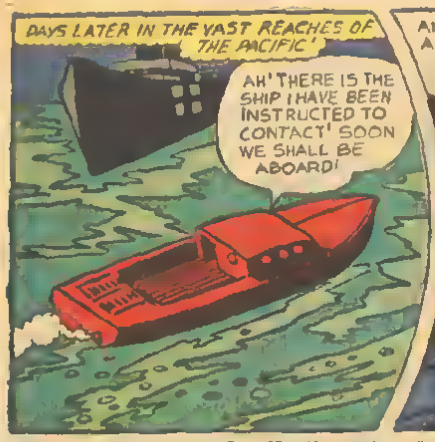

BUT IN THAT VOID UNKNOWN TO MAN-BETWEEN THE WORLDS OF HOPE AND DESPAIR THERE EXISTS ONE BEING CAPABLE OF BRINGING COURAGE TO THOSE WITH FAITH ENOUGH TO WISH FOR IT - CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS!

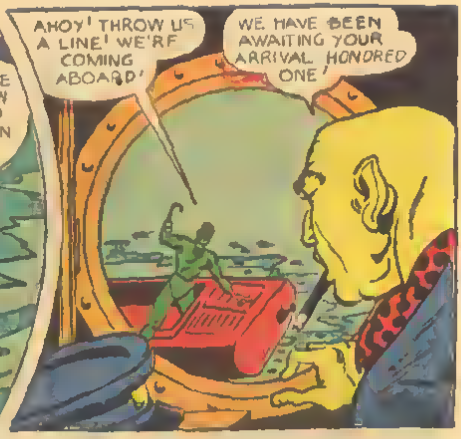

THEN IRRESISTABLY ATTRACTED BY THE CALL FOR COURAGE, THE INDOMITABLE CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS STREAKS TOWARD THE HOME OF PROFESSOR ARVIN!


I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT TRUST CAPTAIN NIPPO!
ARE YOU SURE HE CAN BE TRUSTED!
CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS! YOU! HERE!


I KNOW THIS CAPTAIN NIPPO AND THE FOUL PROMISES HE MAKES! THEY ARE AS WORTHLESS AS THE INFAMOUS RACE FROM WHICH HE SPRINGS! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO DEFEAT THIS MAN AND THAT IS WITH COURAGE!

BUT HOW WILL THAT HELP GET MY FATHER BACK?
HE IS POWERLESS UNDER THE HYPNOTIC SERUM OF NIPPO! YOU MUST HAVE THE FAITH AND COURAGE FOR HIM! IF YOUR COURAGE IS GREAT ENOUGH, I'LL BE ABLE TO BRING HIM SAFELY BACK! REMEMBER THAT!

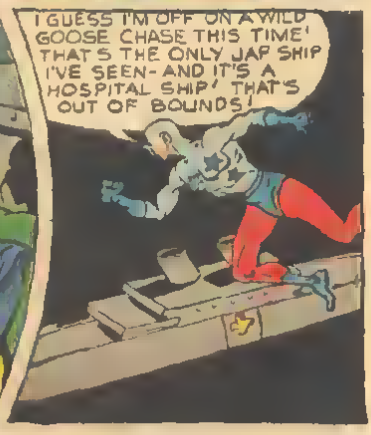

DAYS LATER IN THE VAST REACHES OF THE PACIFIC!
AH! THERE IS THE SHIP I HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO CONTACT! SOON WE SHALL BE ABOARD!


AHOY! THROW US A LINE! WE'RE COMING ABOARD!
WE HAVE BEEN AWAITING YOUR ARRIVAL HONORED ONE!

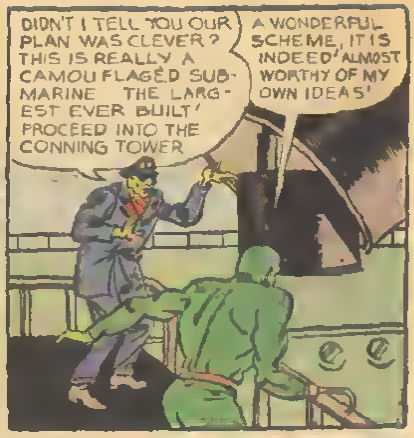
BE CAREFUL WITH THE OLD FOOL THERE! HE IS JAPAN'S GREATEST ASSET!
AN EXCELLENT JOB, CAPTAIN NIPPO! SOON HE SHALL BE HARD AT WORK COMPLETING HIS SECRET WEAPON FOR OUR CAUSE AND VICTORY OVER AMERICA!

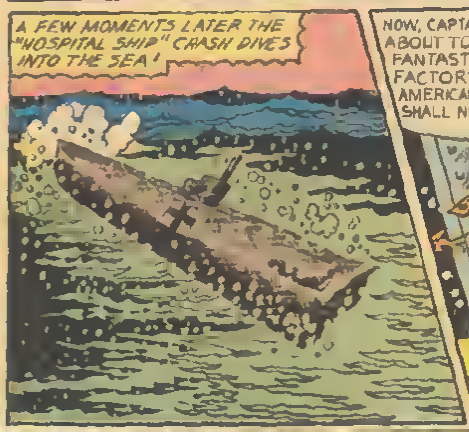
CLEVER OF YOU TO USE A FAKE HOSPITAL SHIP FOR THIS OPERATION!
AH! BUT THAT IS ONLY PART OF THE PLAN! THIRTY KNOTS AWAY IS AN UNDERSEA FACTORY OF CONCRETE AND STEEL, SUPPLIED BY SUBMARINE, AND HIDDEN SO WELL NOBODY WOULD DREAM SUCH A THING EXISTS!

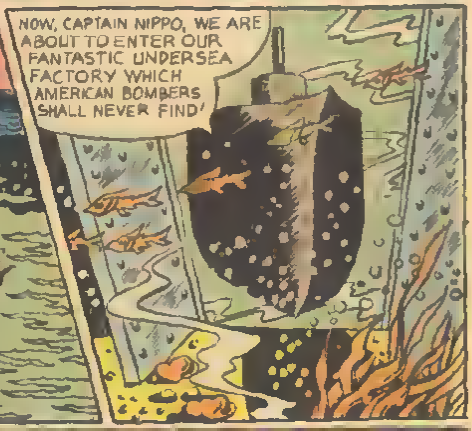
CAPTAIN! IN THE SKY! A STRANGE CREATURE!
BY ALL THAT'S DESPICABLE! IT'S THE ACCURSED CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS!


I GUESS I'M OFF ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE THIS TIME! THAT'S THE ONLY JAP SHIP I'VE SEEN - AND IT'S A HOSPITAL SHIP! THAT'S OUT OF BOUNDS!

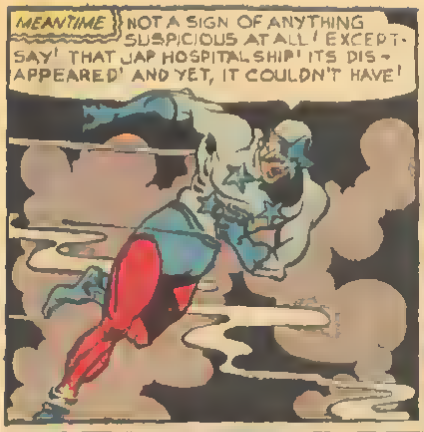
WELL, CAPTAIN NIPPO, YOUR ARCH-RIVAL IS GONE! NOW WE SUBMERGE!
SUBMERGE! ARE YOU CRAZY? THIS S A SURFACE VESSEL!


DIDN'T I TELL YOU OUR PLAN WAS CLEVER? THIS IS REALLY A CAMOUFLAGED SUBMARINE THE LARGEST EVER BUILT! PROCEED INTO THE CONNING TOWER
A WONDERFUL SCHEME, IT IS INDEED! ALMOST WORTHY OF MY OWN IDEAS!


A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE "HOSPITAL SHIP" CRASH DIVES INTO THE SEA!

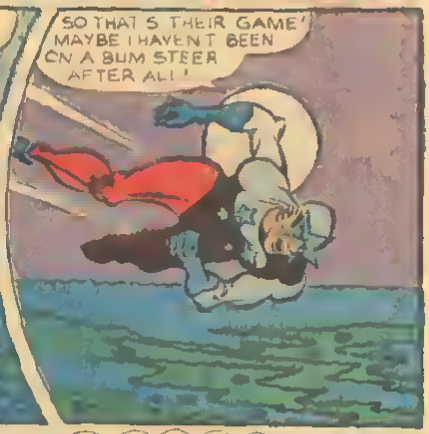

NOW, CAPTAIN NIPPO, WE ARE ABOUT TO ENTER OUR FANTASTIC UNDERSEA FACTORY WHICH AMERICAN BOMBERS SHALL NEVER FIND!

AMAZING! WE HAVE GONE THROUGH THE AIR LOCKS INTO AN UNDERSEA WORLD!
YES! AND HERE, YOUR PROFESSOR ARVIN SHALL COMPLETE HIS DETONATOR IN THE SHORTEST POSSIBLE TIME! I SUGGEST YOU PUT HIM TO WORK AT ONCE!
ANOTHER OF OUR 'HOSPITAL SHIPS' IS DUE TO ARRIVE IN AN HOUR OR SO WITH THE LAST SUPPLY OF MACHINE TOOLS NEEDED FOR THIS WORK!
GOOD! UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HYPNOTIC SERUM ARVIN WILL COMPLETE HIS-ER-LIFE WORK IN NO TIME!


MEANTIME
NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS AT ALL! EXCEPT-SAY! THAT JAP HOSPITAL SHIP! ITS DIS-APPEARED! AND YET, IT COULDN'T HAVE!

AND WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE? ANOTHER JAP HOSPITAL SHIP! IT COULD BE THE SAME ONE COMING FROM THAT DIRECTION! SOMETHING'S PHONEY!

AND THEN, SEVERAL MINUTES LATER


SO THAT'S THEIR GAME! MAYBE I HAVEN'T BEEN ON A BUM STEER AFTER ALL!

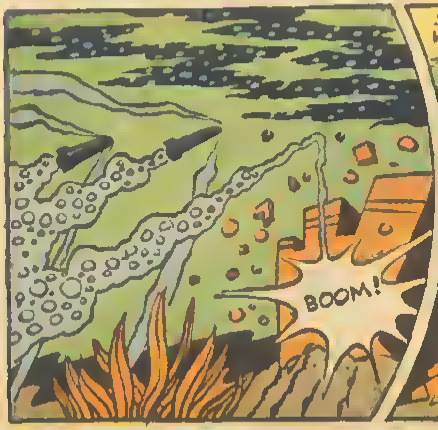
NICE TO GET A FREE HAUL ONCE IN A WHILE! BUT I HAVE AN IDEA THIS ISN'T A PLEASURE CRUISE FOR ME!

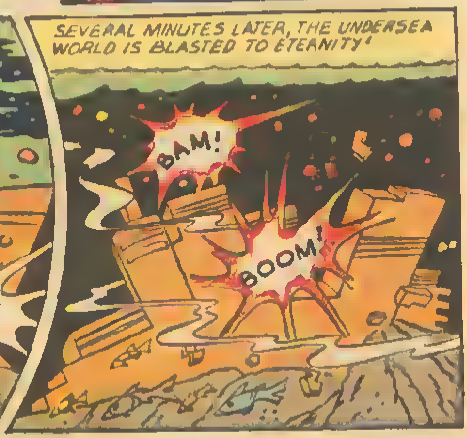
I'LL SEE HOW FAR I CAN EXPLORE AROUND HERE BEFORE THEY DISCOVER ME! GUESS I'LL DUCK THROUGH THAT DOOR HERE!

WH WHAT AM I DOING HERE ? CAPTAIN NIPPO! NOW I REMEMBER!
SO! THE SERUM IS WEARING OFF! I SHALL REMEDY THAT AT ONCE!
I DON'T LIKE YOUR REMEDIES, NIPPO! TRY ONE OF MINE INSTEAD!
CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS! DESPISED DOG!
MAKE FOR THE EXIT, ARVIN! GET ON THAT SHIP OUT THERE!
MY MEN WILL STOP HIM! HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
THERE'S THE LAST DOSE OF MY REMEDY! I HOPE YOU FEEL BETTER NOW!
ATTENTION! THE AMERICAN MAKES HIS ESCAPE! AFTER HIM!
INTO THE CONNING TOWER, ARVIN! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE BABIES!
STRIKE! CHALK UP 300 FOR OUR SIDE!

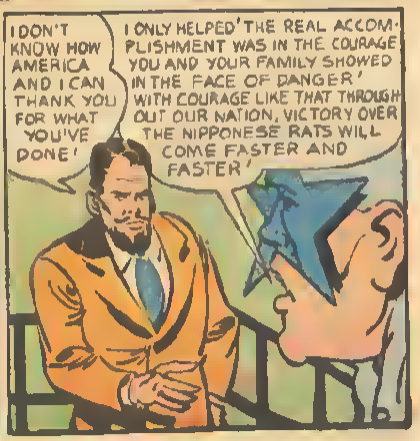
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS BRINGS THE CAMOUFLAGED SUB TO THE SURFACE!

DOCTOR ARVIN, YOU KNOW ABOUT SETTING DIRECTIONAL APPARATUS ON TORPEDOES! SET THOSE THINGS FOR DEPTH!
AN EXCELLENT IDEA!


BOOM!


SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, THE UNDERSEA WORLD IS BLASTED TO ETERNITY!
BAM!
BOOM!

WELL, DOCTOR, THERE SHE GOES!
THANKS TO YOU, CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS!


I DON'T KNOW HOW AMERICA AND I CAN THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
I ONLY HELPED! THE REAL ACCOMPLISHMENT WAS IN THE COURAGE YOU AND YOUR FAMILY SHOWED IN THE FACE OF DANGER! WITH COURAGE LIKE THAT THROUGHOUT OUR NATION, VICTORY OVER THE NIPPONESE RATS WILL COME FASTER AND FASTER!

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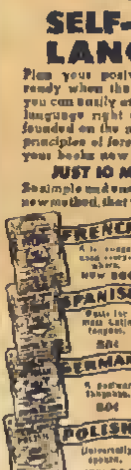

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Charles Atlas

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That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new husky body that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

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When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes *"Dynamic Tension"* to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room. JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your skinny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . Down spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive" full of zip and pep!

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